

An excellent Ditty called the Shepherds Wooring Fair Dulcina. To a new tune called Dulcina.



As at non Dulcina rested,
in her sweet and shady bowre,
Came a Shepherd and requested
in her arms to sleep an hour.

But from her look
A wound he took.

So far that for a farther bow,
The nymphs he prays,
Wherefore she says

Forgo me now, come to me soon,

But in vain she did conjure him
for to leave her presence so.

Having thousand means to allure him
and but one to let him go.

Where lips smile
And eyes delight.

and cheeks as fresh as Rose in June,
Persuades to stay
What but's to say,

Forgo me now, &c,

words, whose hopes have now imposed
him to let Dulcina stay.

Could a mans love be confined
or a maids her promise keep.

So for her waist

he held her fast,

as she was constant to her tune,

And still she saies

He demands what time of leisure,
can there be more fit than now
She says, men may say their pleasure,
yet of it I do not allow

The Sunne clear I'ght

Shineth more bright,

I' quoth he, more sauer then the Moon,

For her to praise

Whores he says,

Forgo me now, &c.

But no promise nor profession,
from his hands to purchase scope,

Who would sell the sweet possession
of such beauty for a hope,

O for the light

Of lingring night.

for go the pleasant joys of non,

I' though none so fair,

Her speeches were,

Forgo me now, &c,

Now at last agreed, these Lovers
she was sair and he was young,

If you'll believe me I will tell ye
true love sies lasteth long:

He said my heart

My love not fear

bright Phoebus beams out-shines the
Dulcina prays

And to him saies

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Day was spent, and night approached
 Venus fair was Lovers friend,
 She intreated bright Apollo,
 that his Steeds their race might end,
 he could not say
 this Goddess nay,
 but granted loves fair Queen her bow:
 the Shepherd came
 to this fair Dame,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.
 Sweet he said as I did promise,
 I am now return'd again,
 Long delay (you know) breeds danger
 and to lovers breeds pain,
 the Symp said then
 Above all men,
 Still welcom Shepherd moan and non,
 the Shepherds prayes,
 Dulcina says.
 Shepherd I doubt thou art come, to soon
 When that bright Aurora blushed,
 came the Shepherd to his dear,
 Pretty Birds most sweetly warbled,
 and the non approached near,
 Yet still away
 the Symp did say,
 the Shepherd was in a snound,
 At length the non,
 We not afraid,
 Forgo me now, &c.

With grief of heart the Shepherd hasten'd
 up the Mountains to his flocks.
 When he took a Reed and pipes,
 echo sounded through the Rocks
 thus did he play,
 and with the day. (non)
 were spent, and night were come at
 the silent night
 Is loves delight.
 I go to fair Dulcina soon.
 Beauteous Darling, fair Dulcina,
 like to Venus for her love
 Spent away the day in passion.
 mourning like the Turtle Dove.
 Melodiously
 Notes low and high.
 the warbled forth this doleful tune
 Oh come again
 Sweet Shepherd strain,
 Thou canst not be with me too soon,
 When that Thetis in her Palace,
 had receiv'd the Primes of light,
 Came in Coridon the Shepherd,
 to his love and hearts delight.
 then Pan did play,
 the wood-nymphs then
 did skip and dance to hear the tune
 Hymen did play
 'tis Hely-day.

Printed for F. Coler, T. Vere, and W. Gilbert, come to me soon.